

# The BABY'S JOURNAL





From Mamma Reynolds  
for Sam Jrs with a big kiss and many  
happy returns of the day —  
1893.

From "Sam. Jr." to  
his little sister Nora.

July-1900-

July

Many

893-



# The Baby's Journal

Designed and Compiled

by S. Alice Bray.



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**T**HE bairn that is born on the Sabbath Day  
Is lucky and bonny and blithe and gay.

**M**onday's bairn is fair of face:

**T**uesday's bairn is full of grace:

**W**ednesday's bairn need feel no foe:

**T**hursday's bairn has far to go:

**F**riday's bairn is loving and giving.

**B**ut **S**aturday's bairn must work for his living.





AME

ORN

July 7<sup>th</sup> 1900.

Mora Reynolds



## THE NEW BORN BABE.

Into our home one blessed day  
A wee sweet babe had found its way,  
While through the mist of tears and pain,  
Sunlight fell on our hearts again.

Mother! to thee this day is given  
A soul to keep and fit for heaven.



**O**h watch and lead the little feet,  
Through the day's toil, and pain, and heat,  
Lest from the path they go astray,  
And wander from God's fold away:

And guide the hands that they may know,  
No other will than His below.



**A**nd train the heart so pure and mild  
Into the likeness of the Child

Who came into this world of sin,  
And gave His life our souls to win:

Heed well the charge! nor hope to plead,  
Thou couldst not know, thou didst not heed.

Marion Longfellow.



Weighing  
the Baby.



July. 7<sup>th</sup> 1900 8½ lbs  
Aug. 4<sup>th</sup> " 11 "



WEIGHING THE BABY.

How many pounds does Baby weigh,  
Baby" who came a while ago,  
How many pounds from crowning curl  
To rosy point of the restless toe?







Nobody weighed the Baby's smile,  
Or the love that came with the helpless one;

Nobody weighed the threads of care  
From which a human life is spun.



**N**obody weighed the Baby's soul,  
For here on earth, no weights there be  
That could avail: God only knows  
Its value through eternity.



 mother, sing your merry note!  
 father, laugh, but don't forget  
 rom Baby's eyes looks out a soul  
 To be in Eden's light reset!  
Ethel Lynn.



Morning Bath.



July 14<sup>th</sup>. 1900 1<sup>st</sup> Bath in tub.



THE BABY I LOVE.

The Baby that lies on my knee,  
While I strip it and bathe it and kiss it-oh!  
Till with bathing and kissing 'tis all aglow;  
Yes, this is the Baby for me.



## ITEMS

Born Saturday July 7<sup>th</sup> 1900 at 6 A.M. at

1730 N. Duke St. Lancaster, Pa.

Doctor who officiated was Dr. Henry E. Muhlentz

Trained Nurse was Miss Carpenter (a Mennonite).

The regular nurse from then on for the next ten years  
was Annie Rogers, an Irishwoman -

At 5 wks. 3 age. "Nora" took her first train ride to  
Beach Haven, N.J.

On Nov. 12<sup>th</sup> 1900, her parents tenth Wedding Anniversary,

"Nora" was baptized in St. James Episcopal Church Lancaster, Pa.  
by the Rev. Percy Bowbottom. Cousin Alice Potter was God-  
mother and gave "Nora" a silver cup. Her Daddie was God-  
father and gave her a silver ringer -



# ITEMS





In 1902 "Nora" was taken sick with Whooping Cough. which  
developed into Colitis <sup>16</sup> and lasted three years.



## LULLABY.

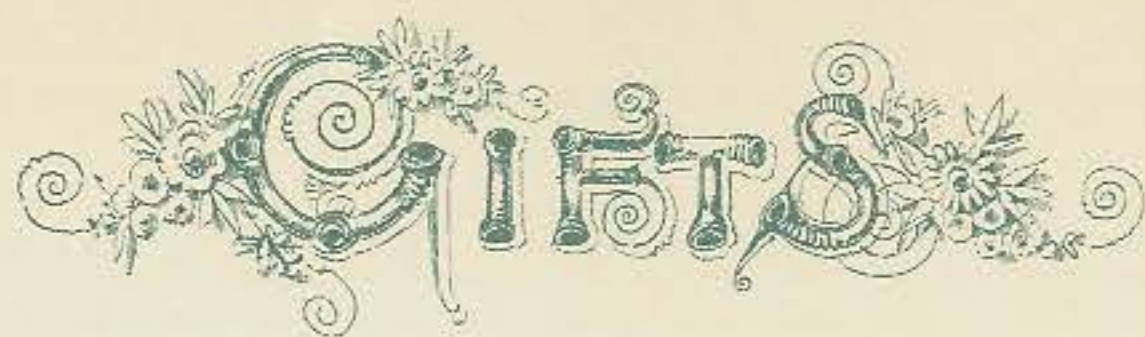
**S**oftly sleep my darling  
    **O**n your little bed;  
**K**indly guardian angels,  
    **H**over round thy head;  
**B**e your infant visions  
    **S**weet and bright as they,  
**W**ake with childish laughter  
    **A**t the break of day.



# GIFTS

July 12 <sup>th</sup> 1900.	Pearl Pin -	from Aunt Louise & Uncle Fred.
" 24 <sup>th</sup>	Bangle Bracelet	" " Maud.
" 24 <sup>th</sup>	Enamelled Pin	" " Mary & Uncle Mont.
	Blankets	" " Nell.
	do	" Mrs Babcock.
	do	" Cousin Alice Patter
Embroidered Sheets		" Aunt Annie Eberman
Sacque & Blankets		" Grandma.
Pin Cushion		" Aunt Nell Patter
Socks		" Miss Mary Ross (aged 85 yrs)
Slippers & Socks, pink & blue		" Mrs John E. Malone.







ONLY A BABY SMALL.

Only a baby small,  
Dropt from the skies;  
Only a laughing face,  
Two sunny eyes.



Only two cherry lips,  
One chubby nose;  
Only two little hands,  
Ten little toes.



Off in the  
Stilly night.



Nora was weaned at fourteen months.



Only a golden head,  
Curly and soft;  
Only a tongue that wags,  
Loudly and oft.



Only a little brain,  
Empty of thought;  
Only a little heart,  
Troubled with naught.



Only a baby small,  
Never at rest;  
Small, but how dear to us,  
God knoweth best.

Mathias Barr.



Only a tender flower,  
Sent us to rear;  
Only a life to love  
While we are here.



Learning to walk.



March 1<sup>st</sup> 1902 "Nova" <sup>(27)</sup> walked without assistance.



LEARNING TO WALK.

Only beginning the journey,  
Many a mile to go,  
Little feet, how they patter,  
Wandering to and fro.



**T**rying again so bravely,  
    **L**aughing in **B**aby glee;  
**H**iding its face in mother's lap,  
    **P**roud as a **B**aby can be.







**T**ottering now and falling,  
**E**yes that are going to cry,  
**K**isses and plenty of love words,  
**W**illing again to try.



Father of all, oh guide them,  
The pattering little feet,  
While they are treading the uphill road,  
Braving the dust and heat.



id them when they grow weary,  
eep them in pathway blest,  
nd when the journey's ended,  
aviour, oh give them rest.

Geo. Cooper.








Washed.





Puzzled.

 I A LITTLE SNOW-WHITE LAMB,  
 A ROBIN, OR A BLUEBIRD,   
 CHERRY, PEACH, OR STRAWBERRY?—  
 PRAY TELL ME FOLKS, HAVE YOU HEARD?



They call me every sort of thing;

Now is it not a pity?—

Am I a flower, am I a star,

Or just a little kitty?





Oh dear! I don't know what I am,  
I feel so puzzled. Maybe  
I'd best believe what mama says  
I'm just her  
"Precious Baby."





THIS LITTLE PAIR IS RICHER FAR TO ME  
THAN ALL THE JEWELLED  
SANDALS ARE OF  
EASTERN  
LUXURY.





## LITTLE FEET.

**T**wo little feet, so small that both may nestle  
In one caressing hand,  
**T**wo tender feet upon the untried border  
Of life's mysterious land.



Ah! who may read the future? for our darling  
We crave all blessings sweet,  
And pray that he who feeds the crying ravens.  
Will guide the Baby's feet.

Florence Percy.



No index tells the mighty worth  
Of a little Baby's quiet breath!  
A soft, unceasing metronome,  
Patient and faithful unto death.



